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# PAGE FOR THE YOUNG F

#### CURRENT TOPICS

Friday, July 17, 190s

There has been dreadful heat in the middle and eastern states and in Montreal. Many people have died and all have suffered terribly. Here we have had pleasant summer weather. The children at the beaches are having a deligniful time and it is not too hot to enjoy the holidays at home

Not long ago we read about a rebellion in the negro republic of Hayti. Now we hear that on Monday the capital, Port au Prince, was almost destroyed by fire and that the ammunition stored in the city caused a number of terrible explosions. There will not be much suffering, one would think, in this hot climate for want of shelter, but it will be sometime before the city will recover from such a disaster.

There is rebellion in the Central American state of Hunduras and the rebels are marching from city to city capturing them as they go. The plan of the rebels is to make a confederation of Honduras, Guatemala and Salvador and then to attack Nicargua. These Central American republics are not yet ready for the temple of peace which Mr. Carnegie wished to build in that part of the world.

The Japanese have erected a monument to the Russian defenders of Port Arthur. Japanese and Russian generals met to perform the ceremony of unveiling the monument. It is pleasant to see that there is really peace between these two brave nations. The war was a terrible and a costly one. The Japanese are suffering from the poverty that must always come after a great war but they bear their troubles bravely.

The death of the old trainer and athlete Robert The death of the old trainer and athlete Robert Foster brought tears to the eyes of many a strong man and bright boy when on Monday the news of his death spread through the town. For twenty years he has lived in this city and was known to all lovers of sport. His death, brings home the lesson that we should never neglect an opportunity of showing a kindness to the living. All that we can do after the spirit has passed away from the earth is as nothing compared with the loving attentions we can show to the sick, the suffering or the lonely who can be pained by our neglect or cheered by our sympathy.

Fancy a man rich enough to hire a big steamer and then take a trip round the world with his friends! That is what Col. Thompson who made a great fortune out of the nickel deposits in Ontario has done this year. He called at Victoria on his way back to New York. The ship is called the Mineola and she came into the Royal Roads on Sunday. Since she left New York last November there are few places of interest at which this pleasure steamer has not cast anchor. If you want to follow her course you should, if you have not done so, get your atlas and read the article on page 2 of Tuesday's Colonist. Then try to imagine the different scenes and the variety of people seen by these tourists. seen by these tourists.

It will not be long before the people of British Columbia will be needing more hands to pick their fruit. Our first crop is growing very fast. People have only begun to understand that we have one of the finest fruit countries in the world. An orchard needs care and attention, but the labor is not hard. If only the best sort of trees or plants are not in the return.

finest fruit countries in the world. An orchard needs care and attention, but the labor is not hard. If only the best sort of trees or plants are put in the return is sure. But the strawberries, the raspberries, and the cherries and the plums must be gathered in good time or they are worth very little. In California much of the fruit is picked and packed by boys and girls and even young ladies and gentlemen who are home for their holidays. Many of them earn enough in this way to pay their college fees for the next year.

Count Zeppelin, whose airship has been sailing over the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, has had a king and queen for passengers. The kingdom of Wurtemburg which is a part of the German Empire lies close to Switzerland. A small part of the beautiful Lake Constance is situated within this kingdom. The king and queen were staying at a castle on the banks of this lovely lake when Count Zeppelin's airship made its ascent. When the Count found that his airship was quite safe he invited the king to take a trip with him. His majesty was so delighted that he persuaded the queen to try a short flight and she was as much pleased as her husband. The name of this king is Whilhelm and the queen is Charlotte. How many children can find on their maps Lake Constance, and the kingdom of Wurtemberg?

Commander Peary is off again on his quest for

Commander Peary is off again on his quest for the North Pole. This time his ship is called the Roosevelt and she sailed from Oyster Bay, N. Y. The president of the United States came to bid Commander Peary good-bye and to wish him success. It will be many a day before the adventurous explorer will again see his wife and girl and boy after he has parted with them at Sydney, Nova Scotia. It does not seem as if there was much to be gained in traversing the miles of ice and snow/or the sea of open water that lies between the highest latitude reached and the North Pole. Commander Peary has had much experience of Arctic travel and should find the pole if any one can. Nothing great was ever done by being satisfied to leave off before we have reached our end.

In the United States little is talked about except the Presidential election. The people are beside themselves with excitement and grown men and wo-men shout and scream and cheer like a lot of school-boys. At the Convention held in Denver, Celorado, Mr. Bryan was nominated as the Democratic candi-date for president of the United States. From now till November each party will till November each party will use every effort to get its candidate elected.

It is said now that the Mexican raid was little more than a riot of a number of men driven to desperation by hunger. All is peaceful again. It is to be hoped that it will be found possible to give the men employment.

In another part of the country the Mexican troops are fighting with the Indians who have taken refuge among the mountains.

Nearly 60,000 less people have come to Canada this year than last. The news that there was want and suffering in eastern Canada last winter kept many away. It is besides, becoming understood in England that sick or lazy people are not wanted in this country. It is a good place for strong men who are ready to suffer hardship at first if need be. But those who want an easy life will be greatly disappointed. There is promise of a splendid harvest and every day is making it more sure. An army of men will be needed on the prairie to harvest the grain. In August and September of every year thousands of young men from the eastern provinces come to help the prairie people cut their grain. These are fine industrious young fellows. Sometimes they take the money home to pay off debts or perhaps to buy themselves more land. But very often they fall in love with the prairies and come back to take up homesteads as they call the free farms which the government gives them. Many of the best settlers in Alberta and Saskatchewan first came out on the harvest excursions. It is a grand sight to see the miles of waving grain ripening in bright sunshine and fresh breezes.

Canadians have always been proud of the way the government has dealt with the Indians. Everything has been done to make their life as comfortable and happy as was possible. They have been given land and often supplied with food. Schools have been placed on the reservations and in some of them the children are taught trades and farming. In British Columbia the natives make their own living and do not often need special help from the government. In some places, as in Victoria, the land set apart for a tribe is in or near the city. This is very bad for these people. They learn the evil ways of the wicked among the white people and miss their free out of door life. It would be much better for them if, when a city is built near the Indian reserve, the tribe received the value of the land and took up another reserve at a distance from the cities. But the Indians like many other people do not always know what is best for them. In Victoria and Nanaimo and near Vancouver there are Indian reserves which are doing the Indians no good and preventing the improvement of the part of the city where they live.

A few days ago fault was found with the Indian department because it was said two much money was spent. When we think that the Indian tribes are scattered from Nova Scotia to the west coast of Vancouver Island and that many tribes live within the Arctic Circle it will be easily seen that to keep an oversight

of them all must employ a great number of people and cost a large sum of money. So long as this money is honestly expended for the good of the Indians no one ought to complain. When their old hunting grounds are turned into fields of waving grain or form the sites of great cities the inhabitants of this beautiful land of Canada should find the Indians homes as suitable to their needs as is possible.

Last week and this officers of the British navy are trying to show to England and to the world that their ships are able to defeat any force that can be brought against the coast of the country. In the North Sea and in the English Channel more than three hundred ships are taking part in mock warfare. It is said that the admiralty is trying to find out whether or not the fleet could destroy the German navy if it tried to attack it or to land on the shores of England. Though there will, of course, be no real fighting done the officers hope to find out just what the fleet can do. On the result of this will depend whether more new ships need to be built or not. We can scarcely hope that the mighty ships which are being built by every country in the world will be allowed to grow old. There will it is to be feared, be a terrible war some day before very long. In this country few loving people know anything of the horrors of war, but if there is a great war among the nations Canada can scarcely hope to escape taking sides with the mother country. Canada can scarcely the mother country.

Most boys remember the story of how Lord Nelson, before the battle of Copenhagen when Admiral Vincent gave the signal which would have prevented a

It began in the fourth inning, with the score tied and the adherents of each college standing on tiptoe watching Cole's crack base-runner trying to get in with the run that should place the visiting team ahead. This base-runner, whose name was Conner, had made a fine drive of the ball into deep centre field for two bases, and was now playing far off, in a desperate attempt to "steal" third. Twice the Prescott pitcher, who was watching the bases narrowly out of the corner of one eye, had whirted about with the ball and almost caught Conner napping by a swift throw to the base. There were two Cole men out in this inning, and two more would retire the side. A good batter was up, and Conner might score if he could get a long start from second base before the ball should be hit.

The Prescott pitcher drew back his arm. Conner took a generous lead and started madly for third base the moment the ball was pitched. Drayton ran to the bag, the catcher caught the ball and whisked it down to third and into Drayton's hands like a shot.

Twenty feet from the bag Conner took the only

Twenty feet from the bag Conner took the only chance left him to reach there safely. He dropped face downward, gave a terrific plunge, and by the space of a hair slid under Drayton's hands as the latter whirled with the ball to touch him out.

The crowd broke into a roar of conflicting cheers and clamors for the umpire's decision. The noise was so great that nobody could hear what it was. Was Conner out or safe?

Drayton stood with the ball in his hand, looking at the umpire. Conner lay sprawled at full length on the ground, one hand clutching the bag. The um-

denounced Drayton for the biggest dunce that had ever appeared on the Prescott diamond. They even insisted that his admission should receive no attention from the umpire—that it should pass as untechnical and out of order on the ground that the umpire had already decided the play beyond recall before Drayton had spoken.

But the umpire shook his head. He declared that the testimony of one of Prescott's own men was sufficient to change his decision, as it was obvious that the runner had reached the base safely if the opponent guarding the base said so. It might be untechnical, but his notion of the game was that both colleges wanted the play decided on its merits and not on mistakes of eyesight by one who was not playing. Therefore he would reverse his decision, glad to have been apprised of his error, and thankful that he had been spared the deplorable accident of giving the game to Prescott unjustly.

Nothing much could be said to this. What little was said Drayton himself uttered.

"I was told yesterday," he said to Saunders, "that nothing but a square game was allowed at Prescott. I warned you that I had played baseball before and knew the weaknesses of the game. There is only one way to play any game squarely. If a man is out he is out, and I don't want him called safe just because he is on my side; neither do I want an opponent called out if he isn't out. That might be a triumph of deception, but it wouldn't be a triumph of skill, and I believe the game is intended to be one of skill rather than one of deception."

"Don't argue with him," advised Dayle. "There's ho use talking from two different points of view on



battle, put his telescope to his blind eye and declared he did not see the signal. Victory justified his dis-obedience to his superior officer. Some years ago during naval manoeuvres in the Mediterranean an officer in obedience to orders de-

Some years ago during naval manoeuvres in the Mediterranean an officer in obedience to orders deliberately ran into another ship and sunk her and many of her crew.

This question as to whether or not a commander is bound to obey the orders of an admiral when he knows they would cause disaster is likely to be decided in England before long. It is said that a few days ago Admiral Beresford gave a signal that would have brought the cruisers Argyll and Cape of Good Hope into collision. Sir Percy Scott, so the story goes, saw the signal but knew there must be some mistake and refused to obey it. Lord Beresford afterwards signalled to him that he was quite right in disobeying the signal when he knew it would lead to the loss of one or both ships. Sir Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott have been bad friends for some months, but if this is true they are likely to end their quarrel. Lord Beresford has fallen out with his superior officer Sir John Fisher, first lord of the admiralty. The English newspapers say that there should not be a quarrel between the officers of the navy upon whom the safety of the country depends. This would seem to be reasonable. Brave men should unite in the service of their country however they may feel towards one another.

There is scarcely any part of the world about which people know so little as South America. Most children learn, in the lower grades the names of the countries and the map is an easy one to draw, but about its people we know very little.

The despatches last week tell us that there is a rebellion in the little country of Paraguay lying between Brazil and the Argentine Republic and that the rebels were successful.

It is many years since there was fighting in Paraguay. But for a great part of the nineteenth century the men of that country did little else. In 1865 they had a terrible war with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay and when it was over, it is said there were ten times as many women as men living in Paraguay. How it came about that the brave little country was not selzed by its conquerors is a mystery. It was, however allowed to have its own government though between 1870 and 1876 it really was a province of Brazil.

It is interesting to learn that Paraguay was also

Brazil.

It is interesting to learn that Paraguay was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, one of the discoverers of Canada. It was, however first settled by the Spaniards who came from Peru. The natives were brave and gave their cruel conquerors much trouble. After a time the Jesuit missionaries came among them and gradually they became civilized. For many years the government of the country was given into the hands of these priests, but in 1768 they were expelled and the colony was once more ruled by Spanish governors. Since that there have been many changes of government ending with the terrible war already spoken of.

spoken of.

The country is very fertile producing maize, rice, coffee, indigo, tobacco, sugar-cane and cotton and a plant called mate or Paraguay Tea which is much used and is very valuable.

It is to be hoped these brave people will have a settled government now and that they will prosper in the country for which their fathers suffered so much.

# WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE

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(Continued From Last Week.) When the team lined up against Cole on the following afternoon everybody in the immense crowdbehind the diamond knew that the man in Kingsley's uniform was 'the new chap from the mountains who saved the kid's life." But nobody had seen him play yet, nor did anybody seem to care much whether he played well or not. It was a big day for the "new boy from the mountains," no matter if he should let slip past him every ball that came his way, and strike out every time he came to the bat. He had proved himself a hero, and a hero is bigger than a mere ball-player any day in the week—even if it be a Saturday at Prescott College.

As it turned out, this was extremely fortunate for the Prescott College ball team and a fine thing for the college in general.



FATHER IS THAT MY PRESENT

EDDIE BURTON, AGE 13

pire waved his hand toward him.
"You're out!"

The words came to the ears of the crowd at last. Instantly the roaring was redoubled, for now Prescott was cheering while Cole was indignantly shouting its protests against the decision.

"Safe! safe! He's safe!" cried a thousand voices.

"Blay ball!" called the umpire, motioning for the Cole men to take the field. Prescott's men were walking in to their bench, counting the other side out—all except Drayton. He still stood at his station. Conner still held to the bag.

"Come in, Drayton!" called Saunders, elation in his voice. "You made a good place, there, old man!" "But you are mistaken," was the astonished reply, while the crowd suddenly fell into a deep hush. "He isn't out. I didn't touch him." "What!" gasped Saunders.

"What!" gasped Saunders.

The seven other players of Prescott and most of those of the Cole team stared at the tall, freckled-faced youth in a daze of consternation, which quickly rumbled into a growl of disgust on the one side and surged into a yell of triumph on the other.

Drayton's action was incredible. For a player to volunteer to change an umpire's decision from favorable to unfavorable was an unprecedented proceeding. Was it not the umpire's business to settle things, and the duty of each side to abide by his judgments? Of course either side had a chance to profit by an incorrect decision now and then, but that was the other side's loss and the umpire's fault why should the advantage be abandoned by an unnecessary admission from the side acquiring it, even if it were acquired through error and not by actual play? Saunders and all Prescott in unison rose up and

the matter. Fire the umpire and let Drayton do the whole thing. I don't imagine the other side would object." object."

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire again, and the game proceeded.

Conner scored on the next pitched ball, which was batted out safely. A moment later the side was retired. The score now stood:

Cole, 2; Prescott, 1.

So it remained to the last inning. Then something happened.

So it remained to the last limits.

Appened:

Cole had its turn at the bat and had failed to increase its lead. It was now Prescott's final chance to tie the score or win.

Dayle came to the plate and struck out.

Browne followed with a lucky hit over second, and reached first base in safety. By a hazardous slide he advanced a base a moment later. Saunders came up and went out on a slow grounder to short stop. Drayton was the next man up. There were two out.

'Has he made a hit during the game?' asked a glum Prescott devotee of his neighbor.

glum Prescott devotee of his neighbor.

One, replied the neighbor, shortly.

At that moment Drayton made another. The ball left the bat with a sharp crack that somehow told those who heard it that it was to be a long, safe hit. When it landed, the centrefielder was chasing it away into the corner of the field, and Browne was cantering home with the tally that tied the score!

On round the bases sped Drayton, now past first, now over second, now coming down to third with a speed that made the eyebrows of the college crack sprinter rise.

'Come home! Come home!' should the Prescent

ome home! Come home!' shouted the Prescott ace, while the other Prescott players danced

from their bench and threw their caps into the air.

Would he be able to make it! The ball was recovered and thrown toward the diamond just as Drayton tore round the third corner and started for the plate. Cole's second baseman caught and sent the ball whizzing across the diamond to the Cole catcher, who stood quivering to receive it and block the coming Drayton before he should reach the rubber plate.

Down came the runner, slap came the ball into the catcher's big glove. It was a great and true throw from the Cole second baseman; but it was also a great slide which carried Drayton round behind his waiting foe and brought his outstretched hand to the plate a quarter of a second before the catcher could reach him with the ball!

If there had been a pandemonium of noise from the crowd before, there was a bediam now. The umpire had been unable to see Drayton touch the plate owing to the cloud of dust raised by the slide, and was hesitating whether to call him out or safe. 'Safe' meant the game for Prescott. 'Out' meant that the score was merely tied.

The crowd suddenly realized that the umpire was hesitating, and fell silent.

The umpire looked Drayton full in the face.

'Did you touch the plate or not?' he asked sharply.'

Touched the plate,' came the reply, with equal distinctness.

And then the crowd knew in a flash that the game

Did you touch the plate or not? he asked sharply. It touched the plate, came the reply, with equal distinctness.

And then the crowd knew in a flash that the game was won. Drayton would be believed.

The decision followed as the Prescott contingent swept down with the cheers of victory thrilling across the field.

You are safe, said the umpire to Drayton.

You are safe, said the umpire to Drayton.

Not one of the Cole nine dissented—which fact, said Saunders, at dinner that evening, goes to show, that Drayton's scheme worked better than ours would have done, after all. We should have had those Cole chaps squabbling over that decision for the next six months, whereas now they are satisfied and cheerful. 'Most fellows are satisfied to be beaten fairly,' said

### FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The Bear

The Bear

The next morning the little cub bear wakened very early and as soon as he had rubbed his eyes he wondered if any of the animals would come that day. He listened, and he listened, and he listened.

Pretty soon he heard something coming up the path, and the little cub bear rushed to the mouth of the den to see what it was, and he said, "I see a very strange animal coming up the path. It has the most beautiful fur I ever saw in my whole life, ever so much finer than bear's fur, and the animal looks something like Mr. Badger, only its fur is all one color, and it has the funniest tall, almost as big as a shovel, flat and broad." Just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o? who-o-o?" But the animal didn't answer at all, except that he gave two slaps, and the circus bear said, "I know what that is. That is Mr. Beaver. Ask him to come in."

Mr. Beaver came to the door, and the little cub bear said very politely, "Come in, Mr. Beaver." The beaver came in and the little bear said, "We are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" And the beaver said, "I will be very glad to, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus."

The little cub bear said, "What can you do?" And the beaver said, "I can build dams across streams so as to make beautiful lakes, such as they have in parks, and I can build a nice, round house in the lake to live in and large enough for a little bear to live in, if he can chy set inside without getting wet." And the cub bear said, "That would be fine, because we could have a park for the animals to play in, and some of the animals would rather live in the water anyway, than live in the cave." So the beaver said, "All right, I will make you a dam and a beautiful lake." So they all went down to the stream and the beaver went up to a tree, and he bit, and the chips just flew, and the first thing they knew that tree fell over. Then he went to another tree, and he b So he kept on and on until he had cut down a great many trees, so that they fell into the water or across the stream, and he put in leaves and the water commenced to rise higher and higher, and the beaver kept piling in the big logs, and soon he had a high dam clear across the stream. The next morning when they looked, the water had filled up above the dam and made a beautiful lake. Soon the beaver went to work, and made a house out of mud. He used his fore feet as if they were hands, walking on his hind feet, and he used his flat tall to make a beautiful mud house, big enough to live in himself, and big enough for little cub bear to get in, if he could only get in without getting wet. And the little cub bear said, "Thank you," very politely. And then he said, "I am very glad my brother was good to Mr. Beaver in the circus."

As soon as they had seen the dam built by the

said, "Thank you," very politely. And then he said, "I am very glad my brother was good to Mr. Beaver in the circus."

As soon as they had seen the dam built by the beaver, all of the animals began to work again as hard as they could work to make the cave larger, because it was too small for the animals that were already there, and the elephant could not get in at all. The next morning the beaver and the owl and the monkey were talking together, and the beaver said, "I am going down to live in that beautiful mud house that I made yesterday in the lake. The house has several rooms inside, and the door is under the water. I can swim out there, and then dive under the water and come up inside the house. No one could find me in there. When I am swimming around in the lake or working on the dam, if I see any one coming I will jump into the water and hit the water two great slaps with my tail." And the monkey said, "Yes, I know how that sounds. That sounds just like a gun." The owl said as soon as he saw any one coming he would say, "Who-o-o? Who-o-oo?" So the beaver went down to the dam to work, and the monkey went out to see if he could find any of the animals, and the old owl fiew up into the tree and sat out on the end of a dead limb and waited.—Curtis H. Wilbur in May St. Nicholas.

# WITH THE POETS

Little Middle Daughter

Little Middle Daughter

As I'm so sympathetic,
Dear mothers, heed, I pray,
The little middle daughter's plea,
Which I send forth today.
So plump and round and dimpled,
So swift your will to do,
Please, when you buy the Christmas things,
Just buy her one thing new.
The little middle daughter,
Just eight years old today;
Her hair is bright as sunshine,
Her look is sweet as May.
So plump and round and dimpled,
Pray, what can grieve her now
The little middle daughter,
For a shade is on her brow.

"Please, would you like it, madam?"
The little maiden cries
And sometimes like a dewdrop
Is trembling in her eyes,
"To wear your sister's dresses,
Cut down for fitting you,
While Jessie, ten, and Mollie, six,
Have always something new?
"You see, when Jessie's gowns and capes
Are fashioned o'er for me,
They soon wear out, oh, yes, indeed
As fast as fast can be,
And Mollie never gets them
She's like a fairy queen;
And Jessie's like another,
And I'm the one between.

"I wish you'd tell my mother,
(Oh, not that I'm afraid,
Except to hurt her feelings),
That her little middle maid
Would be the gladdest being
If she might have from town,
Just once, and all hers only,
A single whole new gown."
—Harper's Young People.